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The Budget of mirth

B l o o m s b u r y
[London]

[18--]

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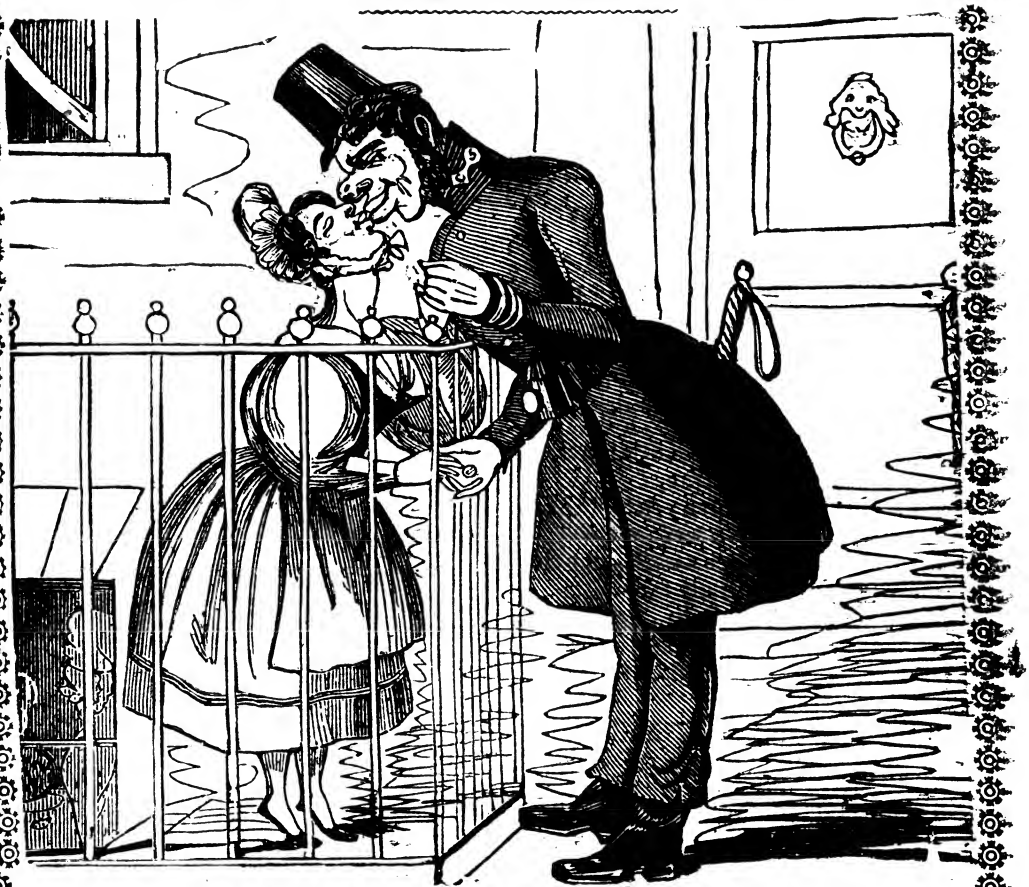
THE BUDGET OF MIRTH.



The Policeman's Knock.

Life of a Clown
Pesky Ike
Postman's Knock
Gipsey Girl
Miser's Man
Gentle Mother dear
Broken heart'd maiden
Young Helen
Adventures of Little Mike
I'll away to the wars

Sweet little Creature
Little Nell
Marseillaise Hymn
Ben Bolt, comic version
Kathleen Mavourneen
I'd be a soldier still
The spell is broke n
Crooskeen Lawn
Woodland Call
Rose of Cashmere
Roger's Request
Johnny Sands
Red, white, and blue
Happy days of yore
I'll not tero away the flower
Maiden I'll ne'er deceive thee

Many happy returns of the day
Our homes, our Queen, and victory
Murmer of the Shell
Long parted have we been
Sunny hours of childhood
Mother give your boy a kiss
Billy Karlow
Reds and the Blues
The mother's boy, the father's hope
Jolly Jack Tar's departure
Alma's Heights

'Twas on a Sunday morning
Simon the Cellarer
Ben Bolt
Beautiful Spring
Ratcatcher's Daughter
On a May-day morning early
The sun is on the mountain
Madoline

Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth-court, Bloomsbury.

MY GENTLE MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales to tell;
And gentle words, with fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place, upon my mother's knee.
My mother dear, &c.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep, within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.
My mother dear, &c.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt or danger weigh d me down then, pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heav'n that bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear, &c.

THE BROKEN HEARTED MAIDEN.

I am a damsel whose heart is rent in twain, (me pain,
For a false young man who has caused
No other in the universe can e'er please me, (knee'd.
He is hump-backed, silly, and knock-

CHORUS.

Oh dear! by the powers above,
No other in the universe can e'er I love.

He is my Levethian, oh, how I feel!
My herring, my codfish, my flounder, my eel; (moon,
My pig, my rhinosceros, my pelican, my (baboon.
My monkey, my donkey, and my sweet

We have kissed together till our lips did smack, bler's wax;
And we stuck as close together as cob-
We have danc'd, we have caper'd till both did cry,
For I lov'd he, though he did not love I.

He is my elephant, my tiger, my wolf so true, (do,
My sweet dromedary, my cock a-doodle
My Newfoundland bear, my mackarel, my sprat, (cat.
My dolphin, my shark, and my old tom

I'm like a tub of hog wash weakened with rain, (in grains;
Or a great big cabbage stump steeped
Like a pilgrim I wander, I cant tell how,
And I peep in his window singing, bow, wow, wow.

My love is a wild rabbit, a gander, a calf,
And just like a turkey-cock at me he does laugh,
He is my zebra, my peacock, my grey-hound, my owl,
My salmon, mule, and lap dog, and my guinea fowl.

I am just like a tiger cat from chains let loose, (goose,
I jump like a frog, and I mope like a
May my blessings attend him where'ere he may go,
My bloodhound, my whole fish, my Jim Along Joe.

I am afraid I never shall see him more,
So I'll drive in a staple behind the back door, (jenny jack dow,
And then to-morrow morning like a
In the noose of my garters, I will jump Jim Crow.

YOUNG HELEN.

Young Helen was as sweet a flower,
As ever grac'd a greenwood shade,

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In lowly cot or palace bower,
Sure never bloomed a fairer maid.
Her life passed like a summer's day,
O'er which no lowering clouds may hover,
Till war's shrill clarion called away,
To martial scenes her soldier lover.

Peace, smiling peace, came to our land,
With victory's sons across the main,
And ringing bells, and burning brand,
Gave joy to Helen's heart again.
'Till one, a stranger, sought her door,
Fair maid, quoth he, prepare for weeping;
Thy transient dream of love is o'er—
In death thy warrior boy is sleeping.

God rest her soul! poor blighted thing,
She died—'twas on a lovely night,
A lovely night in balmy spring,
Her gentle spirit winged its flight.
In yon church-yard a moss grown stone,
Leans o'er that maiden's clay cold dwelling,
On which is scroll'd those words alone,
Those simple words—"Here lieth Helen!"

ROSE OF CASHMERE.

By the flow'r of the valley,
All bending with dew—
By the sweet water-lily
Of exquisite blue—
By the bright sky above us,
All cloudless and clear,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.

Young Bella of Paradise,
Shadow of light,
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Blest being bright,
Oh, rest thee or roam,
Thou'lt ever be dear,
For I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.

By thy glossy black hair,
And thy bright beaming eye—
By the bloom on thy cheeks,
Which the roses outvie—
By the footstep of lightness
That mocks the wild deer,
I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

THE MISER'S MAN!

Oh, dear! these are shocking hard times,
The like of it never was known,
Through living with miserly Grimes,
I'm nothing but mere skin and bone,
And I'm wasting as fast as I can,
As thin as a rat I declare,
For my wages at most with this man—
Is only four pounds in the year!
Ri tol de rol lol, &c

Out of that I've to find myself clothes,
And yet this old miserly elf,
Not as any one here would suppose,
He is actually rolling in pelf;
His temper is just like a Turk,
All his house-jobs I do, I declare
In fact I'm his maid of all work.
And only gets four pounds a year,
'Twas only this morning, I own,
As his hand on my shoulder he pats,
After looking awhile at the coin,
Sent me out for a ha'porth of sprats!
I cleaned 'em and cook'd 'em in grease,
When what do you think? (to my sorrow)
When we'd just ate a mouthful a-piece
Says he—"Put the rest by for to-morrow!"

Oh, bread and water is mostly our fare.
Sometimes we don't get that, its true,
But listen awhile, and I'll tell
What hunger oft tempts one to do
If I sees a dog knawing a bone,
Given to him by some friendly elf,
If I'm lucky to catch him alone,
Why—I bones it, and knaws it myself!

Thro' what living we get (being low)
There's no fear of us catching the gout.

And I pities the mice in the house,
For like skeletons they walk about;
T'other day, when of grub we'd not any,
He said, (as my nose he did handle,)
From my wages he would stop a penny,—
'Cos I bit a piece off—of his candle!

At night to a cellar I poke,
With naught for a bed but a sack,
Where most of my windows are broke,
And not nothing to cover my back;
The rats they come knawing my toes,
As no grub's to be found on the shelf,
I don't turn 'em away, 'cos I knows
What it is to be hungry myself!

Now the fact is, I'd leave him to-morrow,
Were I lucky my wages to get,
They've been due very near now a month,
And he's never once offer'd 'em yet:
When by chance that I pass the cook-shops,
Its no use in my pockets to fumble,
For their smell does bring tears on my chops,
And sets my inside in a grumble!

Folks call me a regular gill,
For my eyes is so sunk in my head.
And I'm sartin I'm getting quite ill,
For they tell me I'm looking half dead;
To the workhouse I off would be stumping,
A place which I don't much admire,
As folks tell me, that that would be jumping—
From the frying-pan into the fire!

THE WOODLAND CALL.

Come, come, to the woodland, come away,
Ye maids and youths, 'tis holiday—
Come away:
The air is sunny, but not so sweet,
As under the shade where the fairies meet.

Ye lads and lasses, so blithe and gay,
Haste to the wild-wood, O haste away.
Lads and lasses, &c.

Haste, haste, while the noon-tide sun rides high,
On the green-sward, where the stream runs by—
Haste away:
We'll trip it merrily o'er the green,
The goodliest company e'er was seen.
Ye lads and lasses, &c.

And when tired, we'll rest beneath the oak,
Or pluck the wild-flowers that kiss the brook—
Haste away:
Or pipe the reed, or the song we'll sing,
For those who dance in the elfin ring.
Ye lads and lasses, &c.

And at eve when the sun's last ray departs,
We'll homeward wend with joyful hearts—
Come away:
We'll smiling part in the moon's soft light,
And bid each other a kind good night.
Ye lads and lasses, &c.

CROOSKEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the huntsman does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet shady grove;
But I, more blest than they, make each happy night and day,
With my smiling little Crooskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn—
With my smiling little Crooskeen Lawn.

CHORUS.

Gramachree ma Crooskeen, 'slantha gal ma vurneen,
Gramachree ma Crooskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn;
Gramachree, &c.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not
part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is
dawn;
And since we can't remain, may we
shortly meet again,
To fill another Crooskeen Lawn, &c.

And when grim Death appears, after
few but happy years,
And tells me my glass is run;
I'll say, be gone you slave, for great
Bacchus gives us leave,
To drink another Crooskeen Lawn, &c.

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

My heart is like the faded flower,
Whose beauty lost and sweetness
flown,
Forgot, neglected in the bower,
Is left, by all, to die alone,
And thus am I, all hope is oe'r—
(That hope so cherish'd in myheart)
I dare not wish to see him more—
The spell is broken—we must part!

I thought he lov'd—I was deceiv'd—
Oh, would that we had never met!
For tho' he is no more believ'd,
My heart refuses to forget,
And yet, alas, I must not tell
The grief that rends my aching heart;
Adieu, for ever! fare thee well!
The spell is broken—We must part.

I WOULD BE A SOLDIER STILL.

Might I march thro' life again,
In spite of ev'ry by-gone ill,
To the end of life's campaign,
I would be soldier still.
I have laugh'd in peril's face,
O'er a comrade's grave I've wept,
And, 'midst the waking warfare
Of the blood-stain'd field I've slept.
Might I march, &c.

I have seen the pale-fac'd moon
Shining o'er a hero's grave,
Where a gallant heart lay cold,
Once the noblest of the brave.
I saw that soldier fall,
And the tear that fill'd his eye;
T'is all I ask of glory,
For my country so to die!
Might I march, &c.

THE SUN IS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The sun is on the mountain,
His beam lies on the sea,
And far and near is echo'd wide
The skylark's melody.
The hind plods o'er the dewy field,
And hails the rising ray,
As he feels
That one steals
The breaking of the day.
The sun is, &c.

The east with gold is shining,
And fleetly o'er the lawn
The stag flies on, and bugles sound
Fierce welcome in the dawn.
The quiv'ring beams, thro' ev'ry bough
In sunny radiance play,
On each tree
All can see
The breaking of the day
The sun is, &c.

By countless foes surrounded,
The brave stag yields his breath,
And man and horse with ardour try
To be in at the death.
To see the last of him they sprung
When rose the golden ray,
Whose fleet feet
All can see
The breaking of the day.
The sun is, &c.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn
is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on
the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright
dew is shaking—

Kathleen Mavourneen—what! slumbering still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever!
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part!
It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Oh. why art thou silent—thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers—
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!—
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent—thou voice of my heart?

ON A MAY-DAY MORNING EARLY.

To the fields I carried my milking can,
On a May-day morning early,
And there I met with a smart young man,
Who said that he loved me dearly.
I made him a curtsey, he made me a bow,
He kiss'd me, and promis'd to marry, I vow,
Oh, I wish that young fellow was with me just now,
On a May-day morning early.

I try to forget him, but all in vain,
On a May day morning early;
And if I should never see him once again.
It will break my heart—or nearly,
I can't bear the sight of a sheep or a cow,
And want to be married and can't tell how.
Oh, I wish that young fellow was with me just now,
On a May-day morning early.

MOTHER GIVE YOUR BOY A KISS.

Mother, Mother, give your boy a kiss
And calm this angry riot, this riot;
Dearest mother, dear mother, 'twould be bliss,
I'm for peace and quiet, I'm for peace and quiet.
Like gossamer this heart, mother,
Howe'er you would restrain,
When angry storms blow o'er,
Mother, will rise and float again,
Mother, mother, give your boy kiss, &c.

Mother, mother, I am young and gay,
And cannot yield to sorrow;
Mother, my spring of life is in its May,
Kill care until to-morrow, kill care until to-morrow.
My heart is like this cork, mother,
If cast upon the main,
Tho' deep it sink awhile, mother,
'Twill rise and float again.
Mother, mother, oh give your boy a kiss, &c.

MAIDEN, I WILL NE'ER DECEIVE THEE.

Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee,
Never wrong thee, never grieve thee:
Take this hand, and we will go
Where the early violets blow.
In the deep and shady grove,
When we'll dare to tell of love;
Maiden, smile—or ere we part,
Chainless, give me back my heart.
Maiden, &c.

Happy were I ere I knew thee,
Wherefore should thy charms pursue me?
Like the rainbow's fitful beam,
Like the image in the stream—

When I think thy bosom s won,
Cloud thy brow, and hope is gone!
Maiden, smile—or ere we part,
Chainless, give me back my heart.
Maiden, &c.

I'LL AWAY TO THE WARS.

I'll away to the wars, for the trumpets are sounding, (to meet,
They call upon freemen the proud foe
And the pulse of this heart, like my war-steed is bounding—
For death to gain liberty, surely is sweet.
The fond girl that presses her cheek to my bosom, (must part,
Awhile I must leave her, alas! we
And whatever my fate be, I ne'er can deceive thee,
O Mary, young Mary, thou'rt dear to my heart!

I'll away to the wars, for my kinsmen lie bleeding, (thee awhile,
Sweet home of my childhood, I'll quit
And will follow the path which to glory is leading, (and guile.
I'll shun the dark by-roads of falsehood
O, kiss me once more, let thy fond arms caress me, (depart,
The day-light is breaking, and I must
Fare thee well, my sweet girl, and may heav'n bless thee—
O Mary, dear Mary, thou'rt dear to my heart!

I'LL NOT THROW AWAY THE FLOWER.

I'll not throw away the flower,
Though 'twas never cull'd for me,
Though a rival sought the bower,
When it bloom'd upon the tree.
I could scorn it, I could scorn it,
When his favour'd gift I see!
Thou hast worn it, thou hast worn it,
And it must be dear to me.
I'll not throw away the flower, &c.

I'll not spurn the rose he gather'd,
No! from thee the gift I take;
And when ev'ry leaf is wither'd,
Still I'll prize it for thy sake.
I could scorn it, I could scorn it,
When his favoured gift I see;
Thou hast worn it, thou hast worn it
And it must be dear to me.
I'll not throw away the flower, &c.

THE JOLLY JACK TAR'S DEPARTURE.

Early one morning a jolly Jack Tar's signal was made for sailing,
Jack stept nimbly up to his dear, who had long time bewailed,
Orders are come our ship's to unmoor, boats alongside lay waiting,
Haste away, Molly, for you must on shore, for here is no time for prating.
Then close in her arms she did him embrace, lock'd as if life had left her
The tears ran down her blooming cheeks, as if all joys bereft her,
Are you a going, a going, she cried, are you going to leave me?
O that my Jacky may live to come back, and I hope he never will deceive me.

As soon as the boatswain pip'd, all hands up aloft did rattle,
Jack in a passion, then he cries, zounds here is no time to prattle,
Jack stept nimbly into the boat, Molly stept lightly after,
At every step she fetch'd a sigh, whose words did her sighs discover.
Polly, my dear, what makes you grieve so much at my departure;
You may live happy you very well know, with other young men conversing.
O no, no, no, no such a thing, I never shall cease from crying,
Perhaps you may rejoice and sing while I by a shot lay dying.
And when on shore dear Polly she came, and saw the ship was sailing,
Yonder he's gone, he's gone, she cry'd, no more he's my loss bewailing

Sweet little creature.

O WELL I remember a sweet little creature,
That lives in a cot at the foot of the hill,
A smile of good humour adorns every feature,
And close to her cot runs a murmuring rill.
Her cot is surrounded with woodbines and roses,
And her mouth, when she speaks, such perfection discloses,
And the breath from her lips surpass summer roses,
I would give all the world could I once call her mine.

When I met her last night my heart quite forsook me,
She blush'd like a rose when I press'd her soft hand,
And she simply replied, I think you've mistook me,
Or if not, your meaning I don't understand.
Said I, my dear maid, I have not mistook thee,
For you have my heart, and I will not forsake thee,
And I pledge thee my word, if happy 'twill make thee,
And all for the sake of calling thee mine.

She quickly replied, I've a father and mother,
Whose age now demands my tenderest care,
They look up to me, I've no sister or brother,
To help me provide them each day's humble fare.
But if you're sincere, sir, in what you've repeated,
Come to my parents, and well you'll be treated,
And with their consent, when my duty is completed,
The heart I possess, I'll repay with my hand.

Many happy returns of the day.

MERRY words, merry words, ye come bursting around,
Telling all that affection can say
'Tis the music of heart-cords that's breathed in the sound,
'Many happy returns of the day.'
The red cheek of the child is more red in its glow,
And the bright eye more swift in its ray,
When it's mate hails it's birth:
In their holiday mirth—
'Many happy returns of the day.'

But if 'midst the greeting there's one that we miss,
And that one was the dearest of all,
'Tis then we feel lone in a moment like this,
When our loudly hail'd birth-day shall fall.
What would we not give, if the hours could restore,
That dear form that is far, far away
If the voice of that loved one
Could wish us, once more,
'Many happy returns of the day.'

The old man may smile while he listens, and fear
He has little time longer to stay,
Still he loveth to hear, from the lips that are dear,
'Many happy returns of the day.'
Then a garland, a bumper, a dance, and a feast,
Let the natal day come when it may,
Be it autumn or spring,
A gay chorus we'll sing,
'Many happy returns of the day.'

Our homes! our Queen and victory!

WAR'S trumpet sounds! and British hearts
Who ne'er oppression tamely stand
Go forth to heal the cruel smarts,
Inflicted by a despot's hand.
And when upon a foreign shore,
The British soldier takes his way
'Up Guards! and at 'em,' as of yore
Shall be the watchword to the fray
Then raise the standard! freedom calls,
To aid the weakest in the fight;
And with our troops & wooden walls
We pray, 'May Heav'n defend the right.'
Chorus—See the conquering hero comes.

Call to the despot's mind the day,
When England long embroil'd in war
Show'd to the hostile world the sway
She held at glorious Trafalgar.
We hoped for peace, and every plan
Was tried to calm the threaten'd storm;
Now England expects that every man
His duty bravely will perform.
Then raise the standard, &c.
Chorus—Rule Britannia.

Our soldiers and our sailors brave,
Ne'er seek for war or carnage dire
But they can fight on land or wave,
To curb a despot's wild desire.
And every loyal heart will beat,
Responsive to the battle cry,—
A righteous cause knows no defeat,
Our homes, our Queen, and victory
Then raise the standard, &c.
Chorus—God save the Queen.

Billy Barlow.

OH! young London gen'lmen how do you do? (and one shoe;
I'm here before you with one boot I don't know how it is, but somehow 'tis so—
Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow
Oh, dear!—oh, raggedy, oh!
Now is'nt it hard upon Billy Barlow

As I was a going down town t'other day, (them did say—
The people all stared, and some of "Why that 'ere young covey, noof he am so slow.'
'I guess not,' says a lady, 'that's William Barlow.' Oh, dear,
'I guess not,' says a lady, 'that's Mister Barlow.'

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think,
He's a trying to persuade people not for to drink; (said' it's no go
When he show'd me his medal, I You can't make a teetotaler of Billy Barlow.' Oh, dear, &c.
The cold water cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

As I went up Bond-street last Saturday night, (see'd a sight
I was very much tickled when I
Of a crowd of young ladies at Mitchell's window,
A viewing a likeness of Billy Barlow
Oh, dear, &c.
But not half so good-looking as Billy Barlow.

They went in to buy it, and I saw them turn pale, (wasn't for sale,
When Mitchell he told them it
For Prince Albert asked for it, and to him it must go,
When he'll set German music to Billy Barlow. Oh, dear, &c.
The prince would look well, drest as Billy Barlow.

For a trip to Southampton I went t'other day,
When a crowd gather'd round, and I heard a chap say,
'Why, that's Kossuth, incog!' and I'd have ye to know,
They set the bells ringing for Billy Barlow. Oh, dear, &c.
'Cause a hung'ry young hero was Billy Barlow.

I paid sixpence t'other day, and odd it did seem, (steam;
To see lots of chickens a-hatching by
So I said to the man who conducted the show,
'Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?' Oh, dear, &c.
He's rather a rare bird, is Billy Barlow.

Now, young London gen'l'men, I'll bid you good bye, (so high;
I'll get a new suit, when clothes ain't
My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
But it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow. Oh, dear, &c.
But it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.

The Reds and the Blues.

OUR soldiers and our sailors,
Our gallant reds and blues,
Our sailors and our soldiers,
There's not a pin to choose;
To say which is the bravest,
I could not, on my oath,
You had better ask their enemies,
For they have felt them both.
On the land, or on the water,
No matter which you take,
On the land the name of Wellington
Still makes all Europe shake.
And should the name of Nelson,
Be whisper'd o'er the foam,
I don't care whose ships they are,
'Twill send them skulking home.

But we've another service,
A sort of stand between,
Half soldier and half sailor,
I mean the brave Marine!
On the land or on the water,
Where'er the foe invites,
They are not at all particular,
They don't mind where they fight!
We leave to other nations
To quarrel if they like,
Tis not in England's nature
To be the first to strike;

But if in right down earnest
Our flags be once unfurled,
Why, then, good brother Jonathan,
We two can whip the world.

On Alma's Heights.

ON Alma's heights the Russians stood, and proudly lifted high
His banner, and his eagle dark outspread before the sky;
His mighty host, as iron strong, extending wide and far,
Exulting cried—"We fight, we die, for thee, our God, the Czar!"
My Colin kissed his darling boy, and fled, the ranks to gain—
A nobler or a braver man ne'er trod the battle-plain.
I inly pray'd that God that day the right would save and free;
I only know where Colin fought, and that was right to me.

St. Arnaud then, with Raglan led; the fearful strife began,
And fire and sword their deadly course pursued from man to man
They say the day was nobly won, the foeman bumbled fell:—
But oh! the dreadful deeds I saw my heart would fail to tell.
I clasp'd my child and onward press'd; I strove the field to gain
Where'er I trod there stretch'd around the dying and the slain
I fondly dream'd my own was spar'd to swell the victors' cries;
But Colin welter'd in his blood, the death-dew on his eyes.

I knew his life was ebbing fast, and knelt me by his side;
And bitter then I felt the lot that waits the soldier's bride.
I rais'd his head, when, oh! he gave one last sad look and moan;
He turn'd and sigh'd, 'God give the strength to reach thy Highland home!'
On Alma's banks they laid him low with many a comrade brave;
My child and me they found, and brought across the stormy wave
And now I wander, wander on, so helpless, sad, and lone,
And oft I sigh, 'Oh, give me strength to reach my Highland home.

The Ratcatcher's Daughter

Sung by Mr. Cowell at the London concerts, with immense applause.

IN Westminster, not long ago,
There liv'd a ratcatcher's daughter—
She was not born in Westminster,
But on the other side of the water
Her father kill'd rats, and she sold sprats;
All round, and over the water,
And the gentlefolks they all bought sprats
Of the pretty ratcatcher's daughter
Of the pretty, &c.

She wore no cap upon her head,
No cap or dandy bonne—
Her hair it hung about her neck,
Just like a bunch of carrots,
If she cried sprats in Westminster,
She'd such a loud sweet voice, sirs
You might hear her all down Parliament-street,
As far as Charing cross, sirs.
As far, &c.

The rich and great came far and near
To marry her all sought her,
But at friends and foes she cock'd her nose,
Did the pretty ratcatcher's daughter.
For there was a man sold 'lily white sand,'
In Cupid's net had caught her,
And over head and ears in love,
Was the pretty ratcatcher's daughter. Was the, &c.

Now lily white sand so run in her head,
When coming along the Strand, sirs
She forgot she'd got sprats, so 'tis said
And cried, 'buy my lily white sand O!'
The folks amaz'd all thought her crazed,
All along the Strand O—
To hear a girl with sprats on her head
Cry, 'buy my lily white sand O!'
Cry, &c.

The ratcatcher's daughter so run in his head,
He didn't know what he was arter
'Stead of crying, buy my lily white sand, (daughters?"
Cried, 'd'ye want any ratcatcher's

The donkey cock'd his ears & bray'd
Folks wonder'd what he was arter
To hear a lily white sand man cry,
'Do you want any ratcatcher's daughter?'
Do you, &c.

Now they agreed to married be
Upon the Easter Sunday—
But the ratcatcher's daughter had a dream, (Monday.
She shouldn't be alive on the
To buy some sprats some more she went,
And tumbled into the water—
And down to the bottom all cover'd with mud,
Went the pretty ratcatcher's daughter. Went, &c.

When the lily white sand-man heard the news,
Both his eyes ran down with water
Says he, 'in love I'll constant prove.
Blow me if I live long arter!'
So he cut his throat with a piece of glass,
And stabb'd his donkey arter,
So donkey and lily white sand-man died,
Through love of the ratcatcher's daughter.
Through love, &c.

Madeline.

I Dream of thee, sweet Madoline,
So beautiful and bright,
My memory weaves each look of thine
With every thought of light.
Thou art the music of my heart,
That whispers thro' each day,
That speaks thy name in every breeze
When far from thee away.
I dream of thee, &c.

I dream of thee, dear Madoline,
Thro' life's sad waste of years,
Like spring's sweet breath to flowers that droop,
Thy beaming smile appears.
Where'er the world may cast its care,
When sorrow near I see,
I fear no shade, for in my grief
I turn again to thee.
I dream of thee, &c.

Yonder he's gone, he's gone she cry'd,
he's gone, that's my heart's desire,
O that a bullet may take off his head,
for I've got his will and power.

And as along the beach she went, quite
forgot was poor Johnny,
Then directly she flew into the arms of
her Tommy,
Close in her arms she did him embrace,
she call'd him her joy and her honey,
How could you think that I lo'vd this
man, it was only to finger his money.

THE MOTHER'S BOY, THE FATHER'S HOPE.

The Mother's Boy, the Father's hope,
The source of every joy,
Sweet pledge of love that binds the yoke,
For dear's the darling Boy,
His rosy cheek and cherub smile
That gilds each passing hour,
And all the Mother's care beguiles
To rear her tender Flower.

Then blush not man, at thine own acts,
To please the darling boy,
To romp with him upon your backs,
And play with little toys;
And when tir'd out with Infant game,
To dance him on your knee,
And learn the boy to lisp your name
'Tis bliss!——'Tis exstacy!

The Father when from public care,
His heart it ne'er can roam,
For all to him that is most dear
Is center'd in his home,
Their mutual love, and infant grace
Which time can ne'er alloy,
To trace the mother in his face,
And teach the bonny boy.

From boy to man, the mother's pride,
With hope of brighter joys,
For blest in Love, the knot is tied,
And doubly dear—His boy!
The Winters pass, 'till Death's chill
stroke.
Relieve us from all pain,
We leave our offspring with full hope
In Heaven to meet again.

ROGER'S REQUEST.

As I walked out one morning fair
To view the fields and take the air,
Roger to young Sylvia cry'd,
Long I have wished you for my bride,
Will you be mine or no?

Her answer was, do not persuade,
Or wish to entice a harmless maid
For I to love a stranger am,
If ever I wed I'll wed a man,
Go for a looby go.

Sylvia sweet, the morning fair,
Do not drive me to dispair,
Long have I sigh'd in vain,
Now I am come again,
Will you be mine or no?

Go, silly fool, my heart I prize,
All your words I do despise;
Go, looby, seek a sack
For thine eternal clack
Go, for a looby go.

Sylvia sweet, can you love me.
My mother to it will agree,
She would sooner give a cow,
Than I should die for love of you,
Will you be mine or no?

My mother she's far better off,
To give a cow and lose the calf.
I would not for a crown
Be wedded to a clown,
Go for a looby go.

Sylvia sweet you do me wrong
My arms are straight my limbs are strong
I will carry you about,
You shall never walk on foot,
Will you be mine or no?

Keep your arms to fight your fray,
And your legs to run away,
Never in my life, alas!
Did I ride upon an ass,
Go for a looby go.

Marseillaise Hymn.

YE sons of France, awake to glory
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries. (breeding,
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings confed'rate raise, (ing,
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-
And lo! our fields and cities blaze
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with [illegible] stride,
Spreads desolation far [illegible] side
With crime and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms, to arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light & air
Like beasts of burden they would load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more
Then shall they longer lash & goad us

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame
Can dungeons' bars and bolts confine thee.
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

Ben Bolt—Comic Version.

NOW don't you remember Old Alice, Ben Bolt!
At the cook-shop a little up town
How she grin'd with delight when I gave her the brass down.
For the pannum you'd sent rolling
Yes, you then was a guager to feast Ben Bolt,
And I've oft heard the old lady say
She could keep any ploughman a fortnight or more, (a day.
With the grub you'd consume in

And don't you remember the dabs, Ben Bolt!
Fried in oil, which by dozens you'd eat? (off in a trice
How the trotters so nice galloped
Down your throat, chased by pickled eels' feet!
But your teeth must have gone to decay, Ben Bolt! (a sound
For your jaws hardly munch out
From that dry mouldy crust, as you gnaw off the dust,
Which you've carefully picked from the ground.

And don't you remember 'The Bell,' Ben Bolt!
With its landlord so trusty & true
How he'd score up a pot, and when sure of the shot,
Make it right for a tightner or two
What's the reason you don't have a guage, Ben Bolt? (dry!
For I see you're both hungry and
'Cause you're lazy and old—'cause you're ragged and cold,
And you've never a brown in your cly.

The Murmer of the Shell

A SAILOR left his native land,
A simple gift he gave,
A sea-shell, gathered by his hand,
From out the rippling wave,
Oh love, by this remember me!
Far inland thou must dwell;
But thou shalt hear the sounding sea,
In the murmur of the shell.

Ah! woe is to me: with tattered sail,
The ship is wildly toss'd:
A drowning cry is on the gale,
They sink—and all are lost!
While happy yet, untouch'd by fea
Repeating his farewell,
Poor Mary smiles, and loves to hear
The murmer of the shell.

The tidings wreck'd her simple brain,
And smiling still she goes—
A mad girl reckless of her pain,
Unconscious of her woes.
But when they ring the village chimes
That toll'd her lover's knell,
She sighs, and says, she hears at times
Death-music in the shell.

Long parted we have been.

Composed & Sung by Mr. H. Russell

LONG parted we have been,
Many troubles we have seen,
Since the weary day we left them on the good old English shore.
And we took a last farewell to return to them no more,
But they're coming, coming, coming
They are coming with the flowers
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll all forget our sadness
And shake their hands in gladness,
And bid them joyous welcome, to this new land of ours.

How often have we pray'd,
They were here in joy array'd,
The friends, the dear relations, the the lovers fond and true,
To share our better fortune, and all the joys we knew.
And they're coming, coming, coming
They are coming with the flowers
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll give them cordial greeting,
And have a merry meeting,
And a day of true rejoicing, in this new land of ours.

Ben Bolt.

OH! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with eyes azure brown
How she wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure, and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted, &c.

Oh don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill,
Where oft we have sung, 'neath its wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around
See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd all over the ground

Oh! don't you remember the school Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind, and so true,
And the sweet little nook by the clear running brook,
Where we gather'd the flowers as they grew.
O'er the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the clear running brook is now dry,
And of all our old friends who were schoolmates then,
There remain now but you Ben and I.

Britannia! the gem of the ocean.

OR, RED, WHITE, & BLUE.

O Britannia, the gem of the ocean
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation
And threaten'd the land to deform
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The army and navy for ever,
Three cheers for the red, white blue.

Beautiful Spring.

THE wild flowers are blooming in coppice and glade,
The lily-bud bursts in the fen;
The hare-bell and cowslip peep forth in the shade,
Afar in the forest and glen;
The song-thrush is singing with pleasure elate,
At eventide, morning and noon,
The nightingale's note, in reply to its mate,
Is heard by the light of the moon
We greet thee with feelings of gentle delight,
As thus while the birds sweetly sing,
Thou comest enrobed in a vesture so bright
Most beautiful, beautiful Spring.

The young stars illumine the regions of night,
Fair orbits of beauty and love;
The may moon is shining with tranquil delight,
In canopied glory above.
Oh, nature, how holy and pure ei thy rest,
As thus while the birds sweetly sing,
All bright lovely things are put forth on thy breast,
Most beautiful, beautiful Spring

Johnny Sands.

A MAN, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh (lands
And tho' she brought him gold and
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.
Says he, 'then I will drown myself—
The river runs below.'
Says she, 'pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago.'
Says he, 'Upon the brink I'll stand
Do you run down the hill
And push me in with all your might
Says she, 'my love I will.'
Says she, &c.

'For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life.
Pray tie my hands behind my back.'
'I will,' replied his wife.
She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done.
Now stand,' she says, 'upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run.'
All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
'Oh! save me, Johnny Sands,'
I can't, my dear, tho much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.'

Simon the Cellarer.

[illegible] the cellarer keeps a rare st re,
Of malmsbury and malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more,
For a chary old soul is he.
Of sack and canary he never does fail,
And till the year round there is brewing of ale,
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sobersyr flagons a-day.

But ho! ho! ho; his nose doth show,
How oft the black-jack to mouth doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she;
From thence oft at curfew, is wafted a fume—
She says it is rosemary.

But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there,
And Margery says she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold;
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back chair,
And talks of taking a wife,
And Margery oft has been heard to declare,
She ought to be settled for life,
Now Margery has, so the maids say a tongue—
She's not very handsome, nor yet very young—
So somehow, it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him tankard instead,

With ho! ho! he! he! chuckle and crow,
What? marry old Margery—oo! no! no!

'Twas on a Sunday morning

'TWAS on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did peal,
A note came through my window
With Cupid for it's seal;
And soon I heard a whisper,
As soft as seraphs sing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

The dawn had been but cloudy,
My heart had caught its gloom,
But now a sudden sunlight
Filled all my little room;
I kiss'd the note—'twas guarded,
With ribbon flower, and string,
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

Oh! good was he, and handsome
As any in the land,
That vowed to me his true heart,
His heart and faithful hand.
I hurried through the garden,
And back the gate did swing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

My foot just turned the footpath,
And on its turf did rest,
When in his arms he caught me,
And strained me to his breast,
A tear was on his fond cheek,
Sweet tears that love can bring,
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

Happy Days of Yore.

MY heart is gladly beating,
As I tread the scene once more
Where boyhood gaily revell'd
In the happy days of yore;
And I greet the zephyr's melody,
That round me sweetly plays,
For its tune is still as joyous
As it was in childhood's days.
My heart, &c.

The fragrant breath of summer,
Would fan the boyish brow,
That once so fair, by cruel care
Is sadly altered now;
For the glossy raven tresses
In which that brow was drest,
Have faded neath the hand of time
Into a snowy crest.
My heart, &c.

The green and waving meadow,
The bed of fragrant thyme,
The flowers fair, all seem to wear
The dress of olden time;
The waves on the river
Still seek their sunny track,
And vanish like the golden hopes
That never can come back.
My heart, &c

Sunny Hours of Childhood

THE sunny hours of childhood,
How soon they pass away,
Like flowers in the wild wood,
That once bloom'd fresh and gay.
But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart;
Live but a few brief hours,
And then for e'er depart.

The friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy days,
The fairy links that bound us,
No feeling now displays;
For time hath chang'd for ever
What youth cannot restrain,
And we may know, ah, never,
Those sunny hours again.

Little Nell.

THEY told him, gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heaven and smil'd;
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.
'Twas all in vain, he heeded not,
There pitying looks of sorrow,
"Hush! hush!" he cried" she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow!"
Hush hush! &c.

They laid her in a lowly grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch,
In strange, tho' childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself the words,
"She'll come again to-morrow!"
And whisper, &c.

One day they miss'd him long and sought
Where most he lov'd to stray:
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay.
With tottering steps he'd wandered there,
Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer,
"Oh! let her come to-morrow!"
The old man, dying, breath'd this prayer,
"Oh! let her come to-morrow!"

ADVENTURES OF LITTLE MIKE.

Little Mike he was born about six in the morning,
Sure him and his mother were there at the same time,
And while I am singing pray dont you be scorning,
As all his adventures I'll sing in my rhyme.
His sister and brother first said to his mother,
A wonder he'd be when a man he is grown;
Without hesitation, he'll please all the nation,
When first he was born he could toddle alone,
With his rub a dub, row de dow,
Fife away all the day,
Fillilloo, that'll do,
"Cut away Mike!"

He first took a walk to his grandfather, Connor,
Who lived about six hundred miles out of town,
I'm telling no lie, for its true 'pon my honour,
I can't tell you where, but a place of renown.
He walked there in an hour, and lifted a tower,
Then quickly returned with the church in his lap.
Sat down by the fire as grand as a squire,
With a large wooden spoon eat a pail-ful of pap.

One moonshiny night as he dreamt he was flying,
Some comical thoughts came into his head,
For twenty miles round you might hear him a crying,
He woke in a fright and he thought he was dead.
He was dreaming, he said, as he swam in a boat, sir,
He ate all the men-of-war ships for a spree,
And to wash them all down, as they stuck in his throat, sir,
He drank all the water there was in the sea.

One day in the City he went out a riding,
A regiment of soldiers he had at his call,
At drinking strong whiskey he next took a pride in,
And drank fifty gallons in no time at all.
Then he very soon got such a fine situation,
Ten thousand a year, which was very good pay,
And that he received from the heads of the nation,
To build up new churches, just three in a day.

He next made a contract with butcher and baker,
For all they could bake and all they could kill;
He never invited a single partaker,—
It scarce was enough his own belly to fill
He was a great eater as I am a sinner,
Although thought a man he was only a youth,
Yet a whole batch of bread he'd consume for his dinner,
And he'd stuff a cow's tail in his tooth.

Then he had a relation who got him a station;
To kill all dead horses that wanted to die,
And when he had done, for his own recreation,
He washed down the house with a tear from his eye.
One day little Mike met with such a disaster,
As he was a walking along up Cheapside,
A little old woman she tipp'd him a plaster,
He kick'd a few times and then instantly died.

And sang, &c.

Pesky Ike.

As sung by Mrs. Barney Williams, at the Adelphi Theatre.

I ONCE went walking out at night
All in the fields in summer time
The moon and stars were shining bright,
All nature look'd sublime'
I kinder felt all over like,
Well, I can't tell exactly how,
When who should I see but Pesky Ike,
A lookin' at me like mad I vow.

I kinder took no sort of heed,
When up he hitched against my side—
He was goin' to say something soft I see'd,
So I guess'd I'd let him bide.
Says he, 'Now, Milly, I love you dear!'
Says I, 'Why, Ike, I want to know?'
Says he, with a smile, 'my bosom cheer!'
Says I, 'Well, there's a grin—now go.'

I kinder thought as how he'd clear
Right straight away—but there he stood:—
Says he, 'Milly don't be cruel, dear,
To be so nigh you does me good!'
I guess he must a felt right bad.
For he said my lips could make him well;
And just as he was gettin' right mad
If he didn't—well 'tain't no use to tell.

The Life of a Clown.

COME, listen to me, and I'll sing you a song,
It's not very short, and it's not very long,
But all about me, such a comical elf.
Ah! sure you are laughing, so I'll laugh myself.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, fol de rol.

My nurse, poor old soul, she fed me with pies,
My mother she taught me plenty of lies,
And my master, Old Pants, has learnt me to thieve,
So I cheat all I can, and laugh in my sleeve.
Ha, ha! &c.

I can sham a cold, and give you a sneeze.
Turn in my toes, do whatever you please,
Roll my eyes round from the north to the south,
And you may plainly see I've a nice little mouth.
Ha, ha! &c.

I've tried all my life, up to this merry meeting,
To gain from you, my friends, a kind greeting,
To please both the old and the young I'll endeavour,
Come, laugh with me, and we'll all laugh together.
Ha, ha! &c.

Postman's Knock.

WHAT a wonderful man the Postman is,
As he hastens from door to door
What a medley of news his hands contain,
For high, low, rich and poor.
In many a face he joy can trace,
In as many he grief can see,
As the door is open'd to his loud rat tat,
And his quick delivery.
Every morn, true as the clock,
Somebody hears the Postman's Knock

No. 1, he presents with news of a birth,
With tidings of death No. 4;
At 13, a bill of terrible length
He drops through the hole in the door.
A cheque or an order at 15 he leaves
And 16, his presence does prove;
While 17, does an acknowledgment get,
And 18, a letter of love.
Every morn, &c.

May his visits be frequent to those who expect
A line from the friends they hold dear,
But rarely we hope compelled he will be
Disastrous tidings to bear.
Far, far, be the day when the envelope shows
The dark border shading it o'er,
Then long life to her Majesty's servant we say,
And oft may he knock at the door
Every morn, &c.

The Policeman's Knock.

WHAT a grumbling man the policeman is,
As he hastens fruit stalls to floor
What a terrible staff his hands contains,
To knock down the low and poor
In many a place to get up a case,
His bull's-eye he turns on, to see
If any unlucky wight he can charge
With assault and battery.
Every night, about twelve o'clock,
Somebody feels the policeman's knock.

Every night, after 12 o'clock, (knock
Somebody feels the policeman's
A man going home rather late at night, (floor,
With his staff sometimes he will
Then swear he could only the villain lock up,
With the aid of two or three more
A friend or two quietly walking along, (peace;
He'll swear were disturbing the
But half the disturbance would never occur,
If it wasn't for the police.

What a wonderful man the policeman is—
There's never a fire takes place,
But he gets the credit of smelling it out,
When perhaps not near the place,
When on his beat, he clears the street
Of lucifer boys and girls, (flowers
And a poor old woman's basket of
He into the gutter hurls.

What a hungry man the policeman is
He looks after the nice tit-bits;
From the servant maids at area gates
How many a supper he gets.
He likes the cooks—down kitchens he looks,
When the family's gone to bed;
And regales himself—then sallies out
To break some poor devil's head.

May his visits be seldom to people's abodes,
Their larders and pantries to clear
And never, we hope, to the station-house,
Off any of us he may bear. (shows
Far, far be the day, when A No. 1
To any of us the call does,
Then long life to Her Majesty's subjects we say, (floor.
And may no policeman them